

The men

The Omen

Volume 5, Number 10
Ape-Real 21, 1995

*** EDITORS ***

Jonathan Land.....	Managing Editor
Ben Sanders.....	Production Editor
David Wilcox.....	Graphics Editor
Ben Piekut.....	Music Editor
Aaron Mulvany.....	Section Hate Editor

STAFF

Josh Brassard.....	Notes From Limboland
Matthew Flaming.....	Thoughts After Midnight
Lauren Ryder.....	Takin' Back the Night

CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Brown
Wil Doane
Drew Mansell
Peter Orvetti
Mike Robinson

"Why you wanna play me like fried
ice cream?"
-Flavor Flav

CONTENTS

Page 3.....	Easter
Page 4	Hampshire Life and the RDZ
Page 5.....	Raise the Roof '95
Page 6.....	Such a Hateful Hate
Page 7.....	What happened to all the unity Around
Page 8.....	Here?
Page 9.....	Saturday Nightmare Live
Page 10.....	Go to the Community Council Meeting
	Jon's Journal, and New York New Wave

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



Editorial *

One Jew's Easter

Hi kids. It's Uncle Jon getting ready to play another round of "Pull My Finger". Just kidding, I haven't eaten at SAGA yet today, how could I be gassy. Oh well, we'll put that one off until later. I have bigger fish to fry.

It's the day after Easter as I'm writing this, and I'm still stunned about the amount of religious programming they have on TV. Of course, this was in Wallingford, Connecticut where they have five religious channels, and which is umm... let's just say they seem to have a problem with you if you're not white, skinny, attractive, etc. I mean, you could go flipping around the dial and find at least one religious ceremony, but the thing is, when one ended another one began on some other channel. On and off, between 10:00 am and 3:00 pm, I must have seen ten different services.

Now, I know that Easter is a religious holiday, but even the other hardcore religious holidays like Christmas, don't have as much religious TV coverage. What is it about Easter that warrants all this. I have a theory that they named it "Easter" to get so many priests involved. Easter - Keister, it's a very slight distinction.

I noticed the over-abunnydence most looking

at this house in Wallingsford opposite a cemetery. This house had one huge cardboard bunny in each of its huge windows. And this thing must have had at least ten huge windows, and that was just facing the graveyard. Seeing that bunnied me out.

As for the cemetery, I found out two interesting things. The first is that the ground isn't very even, and there's something inherently icky about walking over lumpy ground, knowing that there are lumpy, dead human beings not too far below. It's almost as if during the burial there was a sign of a struggle between the gravedigger and his client. The other interesting thing was that I never realized how much a cemetery is like a sports arena or a concert. Every one is ranked and tiered by the amount of money they spend to "get in". I realized this when I was standing on top of the graves that I considered to be the "cheap seats". Except, instead of being plastered to the back of the Mullins Center, these people had their tombstones plastered into the ground, as opposed to having one that stands upright. It's definitely sad, and it just goes to

Continued on page 9



The Radical Departure Zone

Because we believe the best way to learn is through direct and personal experience, a professor should be a guide through that experience. Because we believe that every lesson of experience is the first lesson, a professor should be a student. And, because we believe that education is not an isolated and selfish pursuit, a professor should be a companion.

-Douglas Brown, 1994, on the hiring of faculty.

In the dizzying pace of college life, it's easy to forget the primary purpose for being here. That is, to forge your own education. And, ultimately, to find your voice. But these things cannot happen in isolation from the world and people around us. We must also learn how to live and work as a part of a community.

We did not come to Hampshire College to be spoon-fed our education. We hope we will never be content simply to take what is offered to us in the form it is offered. It is not enough to mimic. Not only do we have to answer the questions posed to us by the existing academic and community structures, we must also redefine the context, the question, and how the answer is sought.

We ask this of all of you, students, faculty, staff, and administration alike: will you simply accept things as they are given to you? Or will you change it, redefine it, reframe it, and finally, make it your own?

Learn to do this with respect for the efforts of others, and you will have learned one of the many lessons the spirit of Hampshire intends to teach.

The Radical Departure Zone (RDZ) is an experiment invoking that spirit. Providing a structure that at once fosters both autonomy and community. We believe this to have been the original goal of Hampshire. This is the goal of the RDZ.

Essentially, some students, faculty, and staff (and perhaps even administration) feel that the promise of Hampshire College is not being realized by the present structure. We are encouraged by Chris Kawecki's vision. We feel that the creation of an RDZ would allow the Hampshire community to more freely explore methods of education, learning, and community which are not readily explored within the current framework.

Some of us are already actively involved in the RDZ. In our everyday lives, in our thoughts, our course selections,

and our conversations with other students, faculty, staff, and administration. But, more people must be informed and involved. Still more must be done to continue on this path, and establish a vital community. We are already beyond the stage of proposing. We are at the stage of doing.

For those of you who have not yet been involved or who have not heard about the RDZ, it's easy to get more information about this project: next time you're at the hamp% prompt on the College's computer system, type "localnews" (without the quotation marks.) For the more advanced of you, point your newsreader at swell.hampshire.edu.

Involvement of the entire Hampshire community is vital to this project. Make your interest known. Contact either Douglas Brown at rdbS95@hamp, po box 178, or Wil Doane at wedS95@hamp, po box 174.

Douglas Brown and Wil Doane

SECTION HATE

Whoa, Steve!

*Well, once again I am under the gun to produce another facile editorial for *The Omen*, and I can only hope that the remaining weeks of the semester continue to hold gritty, sapid articles. I, however, cannot think of anything to say, so I will finish this little intro and then turn it over to my only contributor to Section Hate. Thanks, Steve.*

Since Aaron doesn't have anything enlightening or offensive to say, I thought that it might be interesting to reveal the secret mind of the op-ed writer. How is it that they are able to remain faultlessly engaging week after week? Why is it that their opinions are so much more meaningful and important than Joe Schmoe's. The answers are simple: editors are just better equipped to state their opinions and reveal their inner mind than anyone else. They have honed their thoughts and emotions to better coincide with those of the public mind. They are the voice of the people, and they cannot be faulted when one fruitcake in 1,000,000 people think differently than the population at large. To use the words of one of the most famous of their ilk, they are always right.

But it is hard to be right all of the time. Sure, sometimes

their spelling can be faulted, or they might, in a moment of feverish pontification, allow a participle to dangle, but for the most part, they are always right, and they are able - nay, duty-bound - to express their perpetual correctness in impeccable English.

Rather than digress further, I think that it is now proper to reveal the inner workings of the mind of the op-ed writer:

t'nac	I	get	what	do
hippies suck				

There it is kids; we can now fathom Jen and Peter and Jon and Josh and Gimpy and Dumbass (or whatever their names are), and Aaron. Clearly, however, they are able to express their disjointed thoughts in writing with more form and substance than they actually are capable of using in speech (for those of you wondering, you can always tell an op/editor by his constant twitching and sporadic speech patterns - it's kind of like they have Tourette's). And, if you

noticed, I used the masculine pronoun 'he' because nobody actually believes that women have the right to write their scattered, gossipy, feminine thoughts in any reputable publication; who really wants to read about swollen tits and menstruation anyway. HEYOOOH!

You know what? I'm kidding...jeez, don't send me any bloody tampons, okay?

How about a shot at priests? A man walks into confession guilt-stricken and says, "Father, I keep having this urge to...you know...touch little girls." Oh, wait, I can't tell you that one. It's far too offensive. Hey, is this thing on?

Well now that I am completely off of my point, and way off base to boot, I think that I'll stop. I really don't know what's come over me. Maybe this place just brings out the worst in me. I'm not really a creep. Well, maybe I am. I don't know what the hell is going on. I bet Alan Alda is a seething cauldron of reactionary hate, too. No, I'm not alone; there are more like me out there. Unite, Unite! Long live the 2 Live Crew! Titties and dick.

What the hell has happened to me?

Steve Fermin

Raise the Roof '95

The Pioneer Valley Chapter of Habitat for Humanity invites friends and families to help raise funds at raise the Roof '95, a festival of hearth and home. The event is to be held on Saturday, May , 1995, from 9 am to 5 pm at the Hampshire College campus. Admission is free.

Hosted by Hampshire President Greg Prince, Raise the Roof '95 features the support of all five college presidents, as well as active involvement of members of the 5-college community, area artists, professional architects, and the building professionals. In the spirit of community collaboration, Raise the Roof '95 is a call to action to area businesses and residents, and a pledge to Habitat families of the future...believe in the American Dream-home ownership.

The festival's core event, the Habitat House Raising Competition, will provide hours of fun and camaraderie for area building professionals and teams of amateur builders as spectators watch the "Habitat Home Teams" build a single family house-in one day! With each dollar raised from the on-site sales and festival activities, supporters will literally raise a roof-with a crane-onto the house. Festival goers who wish to build but have not signed up in advance for a team, can take part in building one of several sheds that will be auctioned off upon completion.

Local favorites "Salamander Crossing" will warm up the stage in the afternoon for "first family of folk," Abe and Arlo Guthrie! Festival goers will also enjoy the Horse Mountain Jazz Band in the morning, and walk-around performances by Ezzell Floranina's Earth Circus and Morris dancers throughout the day. Over 35 valley craft artists will be displaying and selling their crafts at the juried Craft Show, and the Habitat Home show will feature home improvement displays and demonstrations.

Just in time for the spring housing season, Habitat's Birdhouse Art Show and Auction will feature the original and eclectic art of such area artists as fine furniture designers Stephen Daniel and Richard Hardie, painter Donna Estabrooks, jeweler Karen Krieger, author Peter Nelson, and bookbinder Amy Morris.

The Architectural Birdhouse Division will feature extraordinary technical designs by Interior design II students from the University of Massachusetts' Fine Arts Department, under the direction of professor and architect Kathleen Lugosh of Amherst. The Free Form Design, Architectural, and Youth division entries will be judged at noon by a panel including Rita Farrell of the Massachusetts Housing Partnership and Tim Maginnis of Northampton's Backyard Birds, and then sold at auction in the

birdhouse tent at 3:30 pm.

For the do-it-yourselfer, the bargain-packed Builders Tag Sale will feature a vast array of new and second-hand building supplies. The young and young-at-heart will enjoy the Jr. Builders' Playhouse, featuring LEGO™ and DUPLO™ bricks, computer games, bluebird house building kits and other building projects, as well as Barts' build-your-own-sundaes! Food, beverages, and baked goods will be sold throughout the day with the help of each of the five colleges and area churches. The event will be held rain or shine-under tents-and no food or beverage containers will be allowed on the site.

Habitat for Humanity is an international, non-profit organization committed to housing the working poor; providing each Habitat family with an interest-free mortgage, and a hand in building a home. Founded in Amherst in 1989, the all volunteer Pioneer Valley chapter will house their fifth Habitat family in Amherst/Northampton area with the single-family ranch house built at Raise the Roof '95. Their mission remains: to raise awareness, raise funds, and raise roofs in the Pioneer Valley. For more information about Habitat for Humanity's Pioneer Valley Chapter, or to volunteer for Raise the Roof '95, please call 413-256-8250.

What Happened to This Place?

Dear Editor,

When I decided to attend Hampshire College, I had a naive belief in what the place would be like. Having come from an educational atmosphere where I was treated poorly by my peers, I looked to Hampshire as a sort of "promised land" of the unpopular and misunderstood. I was expecting to find that everyone would be a potential friend.

Hampshire attracts a certain sort of person. Rejected by their classmates since kindergarten, lonely and unappreciated, many people arrive here far more bitter than anyone should be at the age of 18 or 20. We forget, though, that all of those around us have had the same experiences in being understood.

Hampshire is the finish line. Here is where our real comrades are, the answer to "there must be other kids like me somewhere." That's why I thought we might all be friends. But we are squandering our greatest resource-one another.

The bitterness that we mean to direct at the bullies from our childhoods comes out at each other. The scars of our rejection keep us separated. This is to be expected. Bitterness breeds cynicism, and my naive idea of a freethinker paradise has now been tempered by reality. But I have been disturbed by something I have been seeing lately. Rather than merely keeping their anger to themselves, certain members

of the community have actually been going out of their way to put down other people.

In The Phoenix, for example, two writers degraded an event for people who choose not to use alcohol or other drugs. On the Internet, someone put down an effort to create a campus-wide activist network.

Again, what is strange is that people have become so divided and resentful that they are actually taking time out of their lives to insult other people's positive efforts. This is a meaningful trend. I do not criticize these people; I just think we should all wonder how we have come to this.

In Hampshire's "glory days" in the 1970's, it was not the logo or the presence of dogs and cats that made the school great. It was the general feeling of respect. People were interested in what other people were doing; it was possible to disagree on a viewpoint without having to put down the person who held it.

Today, we have gone beyond disrespect to "anti-respect"; that is, we put the same effort into negativity that the first Hampshire classes put into positivity. Putdowns have taken the place of congratulations. Why has this become the case?

We are not angry at each other. We are angry at the societies that forged us. But this can be our safe place. Here, you should be able to approach anyone you

see with a smile, and usually find the smile returned with a dull stare, or a look of surprise: "Who is this person, and why is he smiling at me?" The collective anger has made Hampshire a very hard place to reach out to meet new people.

Hampshire is the vindication of our bad grammar-and high school experiences, not the continuation of them. the people here are our allies, not our enemies. We should be able to approach a new face without fear of a bitter rejection.

The cynics will laugh at me, but they are already laughing at me. Some people will just never let their guard down. But I know I am not alone in feeling this way. This should be our haven; none of us should be afraid to express a lifestyle preference or political belief. We shouldn't have to worry that starting new student organizations will make us the target of mockery. None of us should be afraid to smile and say hello.

We say we want community; how can we have community if we can't even have cordiality?

Peter Orvetti F92



Venn
Jonathan Land:
1995

I'm Watching S. N. Hell

Okay, I know I diss on the fat guy, but get him coked up and ship his heavy duty butt to Venezuela, and he still isn't funny. Even in Spanish. *Tommy Boy* - Didn't see it, probably rent it, watch it drunk, forget it. Let's move on. It's good the SNL writers have gone back to that fool-proof plotline - break shit and wreck stuff. Still not funny. Makes my feet itch.

Courtney Cox. Wonder what her nickname was in high school. Probably irrelevant. But she's got some badass junkie news goin' on. *Misfits of Science*, that show about boring people hanging out in a coffee shop, and a bit part in a Bruce Springsteen video. Not much of a plug pool. Adam Sandler - Funny, not as Bruce Springsteen, but definitely funny.

I hate that fucking Budweiser frog commercial. It's way too realistic.

Good Morning Brooklyn. Good cleavage shot. Bad accents. The word "bastard" just isn't as funny as, say, the word "Cholera". I'll tell ya who needs a beatin' - the guy who wrote this skit. Okay, the "IROC" part was funny, but my dad's the only person who still uses the word "hump" as a proper noun. Enough.

Beastie Boys, next week. That I'll watch. Hell, I watched it this week.

Gapardy - Good God, I went to high school with those people. Well, not the actual ac-

tors in the skit, or else I wouldn't be cutting them to shreds. Hazel - Saphire -Drop it. Period face - No, no, absolutely not! Just stupid! Kill them! Do something! But at least it was over quick.

Edie Brickell songs in a Budweiser commercial, with horses and everything. I guess we know where the beer comes from.

Dave Matthews Band - Love the pants, but I really had to go to the facilities, so I missed it. Must have been the Budweiser commercial.

Weekend Update! Yes! Oh wait, never mind. The suicide bombing part was funny. Massachusetts - Maybe we should name it to something Norm can pronounce, something like, oh, say, "bastard". More cleavage! Boy, they really know what sells, don't they. hat old lady pointing and screaming "period" was almost as disturbing as the story scented underwear and dildos. But not quite. Forget it. But it was kinda funny. Woulda been better if something heavy, say, Chris Farley, fell on someone. But you can't always win. Marion Barry - So he smokes crack. At least he doesn't wear socks made of human skin, which is more than we can say for Newt.

Watching Mark McKinney rehash an old *Kids in the Hall* character brings a tear to the eye, for that show truly was an exercise in comedic brilliance. Alas. But, Back to *Saturday Night Live* - It still fucking sucks!!!

Zima, the choice of a new date-rape generation. I don't know whether to shoot them or myself. Maybe I'll just go work for the post office. They get to shoot anybody they want, and themselves. What a great job. Chris Elliot would do it again. I care. Next.

G.E. Smith and the Saturday Night Live Murder Junkies. They suck too. But that Converse commercial is pretty kick-ass. I think we've established a trend - the commercials are more interesting than the show. That's not goos now, is it.

Office manager Manson! Maybe he can come here and work for Student Accounts. Naw, he's too nice. Wait, don't print that. Three weeks later - it's still not funny. Looks like Charlie lost weight and grew about a foot-and-a-half. S.N.L. is like a box of chocolates - put it in a blender and it looks like crap. Put it on T.V. and it's even less attractive.

I chuckled. "Yeah, I pissed in it." That was funny. But I remember hearing that SAGA once. I'm not laughing anymore.

How about "Saturday Night Live Nailed to a Barn and Whipped With a Rhino-Hide Lash." A film by Ken Burns. I'd rent all eight volumes of that badboy. Or how about "Replacement Saturday Night Live Actors Being Bludgeoned by Catholic

Continued on next page.

Easter Cont.

Continued from page 3

show you, that people still think the more money you have, the better you'll be remembered. This is especially true when you realize that this money could belong to you.

I guess it makes sense though. Some people get the front row-center seats, while many more are accomodated on the third balcony in section 436 on

row zz.

I enjoyed my little Easter break, given all this stark realization. Especially given the stark capitalization. I got to eat lots of sweeeeeet caaaaaandy (and kielbasa).

Jonathan Land
Chief Executive Officer
The Omen

Sat. NightMare Cont.

School Girls." A film by Ken Burns. Hell, I'd see that in the theater.

Ya know, Pete Coors looks just a little too much like Adolph Hitler for my taste. The guy who founded Coors was named Adolph. They never found Hitler's dead body... Draw your own conclusions.

It still looks like crap in black and white. Experiment failed. Move on. Besides, they talk like a bunch of Hampshire grads. Not funny. Decent acting. But that's not the point.

I saw the Dave Matthews Band the second time. They were pretty good. I still like the pants. And that one dude could wail on the violin. I hope they spring for a new bow.

I like David Spade. He can really act like a guy who got laid for the first time. Oh wait, maybe he did. Naw, nobody would lay that haircut. Anyway, the last skit was sort of funny, but

that could have just been the relief that it was indeed the last skit! I have to cross my eyeballs after watching this show. So why do I do it? Cause I've got nothing better to do. Unlike you, who probably didn't watch the damn thing and were out having a great time somewhere. Well screw you.

My Courtney, what big ears you have. I remember them from *Misfits of Science*. No wonder you never wear your hair up. Remember when "Skidz" were in style? Back in junior high.

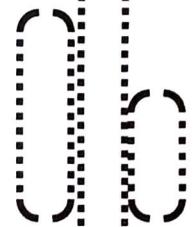
Sorry, Mr Matthews.

This show had some O.K. acting, the usual repetitiveness, and even a fat man in drag, but ther was nothing to make me laugh.

The WWF was on afterwards though. Now ther's humor.

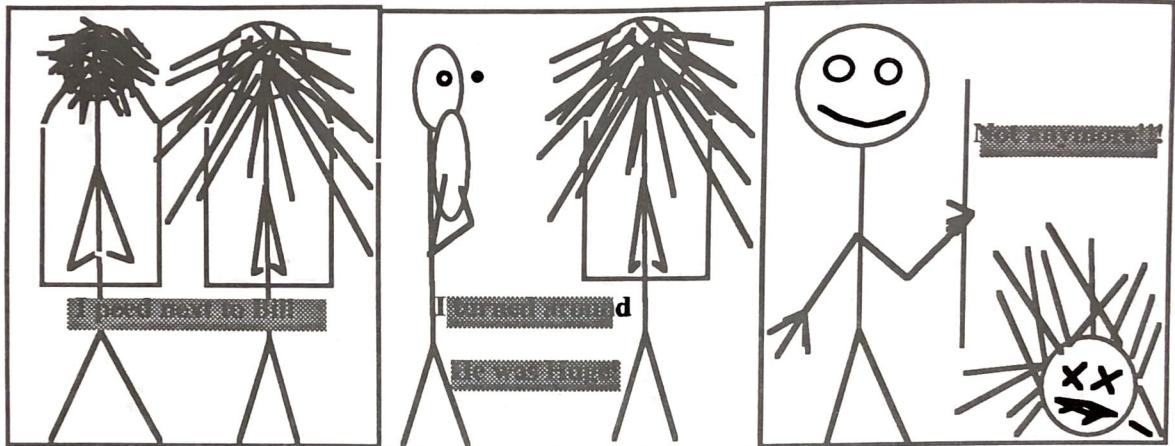
Mike Robinson and Drew Mansell

The Defective.
Jonathan Land:
1995


Come on down to the next Community Council Meeting:
April 25th at 3:00 pm in FPH 105

Jon's Journal



New York/New Wave Art-Crap Concerts!!!

Featuring
Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense*
and

**Laurie Anderson's *Home of the
Brave***

**Sunday, April, 23 8:00 P.M. Dakin
Rec. Room.**

Sponsored by The Omen